



inning with

## The Wages of Cinema

by H. C. WITWER

in October

opolitan

MA CALLAHAN CAPITULATES  
by Kathleen Norris

THE STAGE TODAY

THE WAGES OF CINEMA  
by H. C. Witwer

PONJOLA  
by Cynthia Stockley

FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW  
by Ring W. Lardner

UNFINISHED STORIES  
by Marguerite Harrison

STARRING MRS. TIM HALE  
by Adela Rogers St. Johns

AUNT AGATHA MAKES A BLOOMER  
by P. G. Wodehouse

STORIES THAT HAVE MADE ME LAUGH  
by Montague Glass

LEONORA  
by Harrison Fisher

## Are you for or against the bonus?

—Read "This Hero Business"

By Irvin S. Cobb

THE point I am trying to get at is that public opinion in its reactions toward one-legged Mort Overstreet of our town presently showed decided and chilling modifications. Perhaps I can best sum it up in the progressive stages of its cooling-off. First, we have Mr. Banks Ferguson, some two months after the close of hostilities:

"Say, takin' him by and large, ain't he turned out to be about the dumbest imitation of a conquerin' hero ever you seen in your life? Here the Ladies' Aid goes and gets up a congratulation party at the Methodist church specially on his account. He's to be the center of attraction, with everybody shakin' hands with him and Presidin' Elder Burris all organized to make a complimentary speech about him right to his face. And what does he do? Smack in the middle of things he ups and disappears and later on we find out that he's sneaked away and gone on home and went to bed. Says he's gittin' tired of bein' fussed over; says if anybody's interested in his case they might spend a little time findin' out why his back pay is bein' held up on him. That's gratitude for you—ain't it? And try to git him to tell you somethin' about the war or how a battle looked or the way one of them big shells sounded when it went off close to you—just try, that's all. He'll start in with a pack of

tiresome drivel about the cooties, or about how they don't measure distance over there by miles the way civilized people do but by killymeeters, whatever they are."

Imagine the lapse of six months more and hearken to Mr. David Lucas, attorney at law, also real estate and loans, farm mortgages a specialty. This is Mr. Lucas speaking:

"Well, sir, he was in here again yesterday wanting to know why that mix-up about his disability allowance hadn't been straightened out yet up at Washington. That makes the third time in less than a month he's come to my office or else waylaid me on the street to pester me about that blamed claim of his. Didn't I take his case as an act of charity? Didn't I write to my close friend Jake Hargis asking him to give the matter his personal interest? Didn't I get a letter back from his secretary, practically by return mail, saying that just as soon as suitable opportunity offered the secretary would bring the matter to Congressman Hargis's attention?

"But oh shucks, what's the use! Where does he get off anyhow, to be bleating around like that?"

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Have you a gray-haired wanderer in your house? Read Burton Braley's satirical sonnet on the wild man of 45—"The Dangerous Age"—in

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Is there any romance off-screen for a movie star? Adela Rogers St. Johns answers in a tense human drama of Hollywood, "Starring Mrs. Tim Hale." See

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